



BLASPHEMOUS MUSE

AN E-CHAD BY DAVID SALCIDO

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

He Came.....	4
Roots Of Despair.....	8
Blue.....	16
She.....	17
a rant.....	18
Cruel World.....	19

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He Came

Grenvale Lane was a peculiar child born of a peculiar child. As his mother was a wispy slip of a girl with no friends and little common sense, it was predestined that he would be a loner. She had been sent away when Grenvale was just a baby, a disturbed simpleton driven mad by the birth of a son she swore was the offspring of angels. Or aliens. Nobody was quite sure, because none really cared enough to listen closely to her ravings. And Grenvale, well, he was left behind, to be raised by tired, colorless grandparents in a sad, dilapidated shack at the far end of a long, dusty road.

Having to forage for himself at a very young age, Grenvale developed slowly, choosing to spend his time wandering naked through the desert, healing broken animals and speaking to voices nobody else could hear. He ate what the animals ate and rarely slept in the nest of tattered blankets provided for him in the corner of the kitchen, next to the pot belly stove. By the time the State forced him to wear clothing and attend the local school, he was as feral as the wind and about as easy to contain.

The other children feared him and because they feared him, they hated him. He was different. Too different, with his wide staring eyes that seemed to look deep into the soul of any and all who caught his attention. They picked on him relentlessly. Made him the butt of their cruel jokes. And often left him crying in the schoolyard, covered in dust, or mud, or worse, when the school bell rang to signal the end of recess.

In the area of education, Grenvale, too, was lax. He had no grasp of simple concepts or rules of conduct, often disrupting class with outbursts about a father he had never known or flights of fancy about kingdoms in the clouds. The children giggled and Grenvale spent many long hours in the principal's office. By the time Grenvale stopped attending school, he was already four years older than any of the other children in the sixth grade. His ravings and damnations had become increasingly disruptive and he was asked by the principal not to return. Neither the children, nor the teacher, were sorry to see him go.

When he was sixteen years old, Grenvale found a hiker in the wilderness, who had fallen from a great height and lay gasping out his final breaths. Naked and filthy, Grenvale crouched next to the hiker and laid his hand on the man's chest. Eyes fluttered open and

found him. The hiker smiled, thinking Grenvale an angel, then drifted off to what he believed to be his final journey. When he awoke later, unbroken and completely without pain, Grenvale was long gone. Many doubted the hiker's tale and the story rated little more than a blip in the local newspaper.

When he was nineteen years old, Grenvale overheard two men talking about the drought. "No water for miles," said one man. "It'll be the death of our town if it doesn't rain soon," said the other. The first man shook his dusty head and wiped at his face with the sleeve of his arm. "Rain won't do it," he said. "Reservoir's done gone dry. We'd need a miracle." Grenvale crept out of the shadows and wandered back out into the desert, circling the town slowly until he found what he was looking for.

At the base of the nearby foothills, he took aim and unleashed a stream of urine onto the ground. The moisture soaked down into the grey dirt, leaving behind a rapidly fading stain. Grenvale watched. And waited. And soon the stain was widening, instead of dwindling. And then the ground began to bubble and water began to seep up out of it. Grenvale stepped back and watched as the water bubbled up and formed a stream. The stream began to trickle down out of the foothills, along dimly remembered ravines and into a river bed which had been dry so long, there were few alive to remember it.

Grenvale followed the stream back in the direction of the town and stood, naked on the outskirts, as the people registered their good fortune and rejoiced in the miracle that had saved them. He tried to draw attention to the real worker of miracles, a god believed long dead by all living in these modern times. As it had always been, he was seen as a raving lunatic. He didn't stay long. The rocks

thrown by the children hurt him and the shrill cries of the mothers, offended by his nakedness, drove him back into the desert that was his home.

By the time he was 22, Grenvale had left the dusty little town far behind. He had taken to wandering his beloved desert, further and further out, until he began to discover new places and strange new people. But these people, too, were fearful of the filthy naked man who seemed to them a product of the inhospitable land they had come here to tame. He was loud and his words frightened them. He had many close encounters with the local constabulary and, thus, found himself moving more often than he would have liked. He hurt no one and took nothing that belonged to another. Many thought him a ghost and quickly forgot him.

Until the day that Grenvale Lane committed the unspeakable act. He had been drawn by the wails of many women, ripping their hair and rubbing their faces with dirt. He watched as they cried and shouted questions to the skies. "Why HIM?" they would say. "Why NOW?" And it was clear to Grenvale that this was a person of great importance who had died before his work was done. Grenvale listened to the voices only he could hear, telling him to be wary of this place, this crowd, this situation. For the first and last time, he ignored them and in so doing, sealed his fate.

The crowd parted and the cries stilled as Grenvale approached the tomb of the unknown corpse. The smell told him that this person had been dead for more than a few days. He studied the mud-streaked faces of the terrified women, then laid his hands on the door of the tomb and closed his eyes. Calling out to an archaic god, in a language unknown to the assembled masses, Grenvale worked his final miracle. By the time he was finished, the crowd had begun to

grumble and move forward to intercept him. The first man had laid hands on Grenvale when the sound of pounding from the inside of the tomb brought all action to a halt.

A woman screamed. Another fainted. The pounding continued. Grenvale was dragged back and a man with a pocket full of keys stepped forward to unlock the mausoleum door. The horrified scream which ripped from his throat threw the assembled throng into chaos as the decayed and rotting body shambled from the tomb, its eyes gummy and its jaw slack. Screams of terror and cries of despair rose up from the crowd as they surged backward, all eyes on the undead thing.

The local sheriff stepped forward, his eyes wide, but his jaw set. Slowly and deliberately, he pulled a pistol from the holster at his side and emptied the gun into the head of the living corpse. It stepped backward as each bullet ripped into its soft skull, then toppled back through the doorway of the mausoleum, never to rise again.

Grenvale Lane was dragged from that place and hanged from the tallest tree on the outskirts of the town. A tree which had served this very same purpose almost a century before, in a much more savage age. He would be the last so hung from this tree, as not long after he had been lain in a unmarked grave, nearby, the tree shriveled and gave up its life. Nobody wept for Grenvale Lane. Nor did anyone notice the tears he wept for them. He left as he had come; unnoticed and unappreciated in a time devoid of miracles.

And so began the third millennium of modern Man. Godless and unrepentant. Alone and unprotected. Groping desperately for that which continues to elude him. Amen.



Hobbit. The Other White Meat.



© National Orc Board. Mordor, Middle Earth.

ROOTS OF DESPAIR

Words & Images by David Salcido



Sometimes, when there's nothing to do and no place to go...

When everybody I know, and every place I can think of, holds no real interest...



When my ears are ringing and my head feels fuzzy and I just want to scream from unrelievable boredom...

When the weight of my worries and the uncertainties of my progression seem to suck me down into a vortex of nothingness...





When the day is unbearably hot and moving makes my clothes stick to me like a rotting extension of my flesh...

When every thought feels like a betrayal and every choice comes without a reward...

When all of these things happen together...



I pretend that I'm dead.

I sprawl out limply on the floor or the bed, arms flung outward or maybe trapped painfully beneath my body...

I sprawl out like I've fallen into that awkward position the dead take because they have no choice...

I lay there with my eyes wide, staring, and my mouth gaping with strangled screams...

I lay absolutely still, barely breathing, so as not to upset the image of despair I have conjured...



And I imagine what it would be like to be really and truly dead.

I imagine somebody I know,
or somebody I don't know,
discovering the tragedy...

I imagine that I have missed an
appointment and somebody has
come looking for me, or maybe
that they have stumbled in
accidentally...



I imagine the expression on his or
her face upon finding my shattered
remains...

I imagine, sometimes, that
they become frightened and
run away, or scream and faint,
or just stand and stare at the
exquisite beauty of the scene...

And I imagine how they react
after finding me; after running,
or screaming, or fainting, or just
staring.





I envision the chain of events that would follow...

I envision who would get the call first and how the word would spread to those I know...

I envision the many ways that news would reach my lovers, my ex-wife, my children, my parents, my friends, my associates and others who live nearby and far away in other states both geographical and mental...

I envision the grieving or sometimes the lack of same...



I envision the people who would attend my funeral, counting faces from my past, people I haven't seen in years...

And other times, I envision few familiar faces at all, unmoved by the knowledge that they were simply too busy to get away.

I imagine how life would be for my loved ones, once the horror was over and the shock dulled into suppression...



I imagine my name being spoken seldom and in whispered tones, as though I had done something unthinkable, like leave them behind...



I imagine the memory eventually fading altogether and the people I know going on with their lives as human nature dictates that they do.



I lay in this incomplete state and think of all the things I will have lost were my imagination synonymous with truth...

I lay there and think of opportunities missed, friendships unformed and paths untravelled...

I lay there and think of those who have gone before me, for whom the uncertainty was too great and the game a bitter failure...

I lay there, sprawled on the floor or the bed in a twisted semblance of death and think about the lost legacy of those for whom immortality was an ungraspable ideal, a disturbing, fleeting, unimaginable concept lost forever to the mouldering remains of their fragile humanity.



Then I get up and dance away from the edge, finding new and unusual ways to amuse myself and the gods, in the hopes of one day being graced with reason from the giggling lips of the divine.





Blue

Visions

carved out of Solitude
swirl in the darkness

Calling up phantoms
and pain

Somewhere the smoke stirs
a heart begins to bleed
and the color of a memory
seduces

Come to the sacred fountain
Of water-cooled Smoke

Let her fill your senses
Mind adrift in Time

Caressed by haze
feel the edge grow dull
and smile

As memories dance
shadows twisting
like smoke
the color of her eyes

In Moonlight

She

“It’s a myth, you know,” She said matter-of-factly. “There’s no such thing as predestination. All you can expect out of life is a series of random gestures strung together like popcorn; each with its own kernel of redundancy.” As if to prove her point, She spread her wings and decimated a village in the Andes. “Each person’s time is up when the mood strikes Me. Not a moment before or after.”

Lolly smiled and refilled Her tea cup. “Another scone?”

“I’d better not,” She said. “I’ve got to watch my girlish figure.”

“Oh, I know what you mean,” Lolly replied. “But what the hell, you only live once, and I simply can’t resist a freshly baked scone with my tea.”

“You know, you’re right,” She said, twitching Her left eyebrow and causing the engines to fail on a jetliner circling over a suburban neighborhood in Albuquerque. “You’ve got to live for today. I’ll have another, then I really must go.”

“Oh, of course,” Lolly agreed, holding out the plate while She selected a particularly plump biscuit. “I’ve got just a jillion things to do myself today. Shopping, laundry, bury the mailman...”

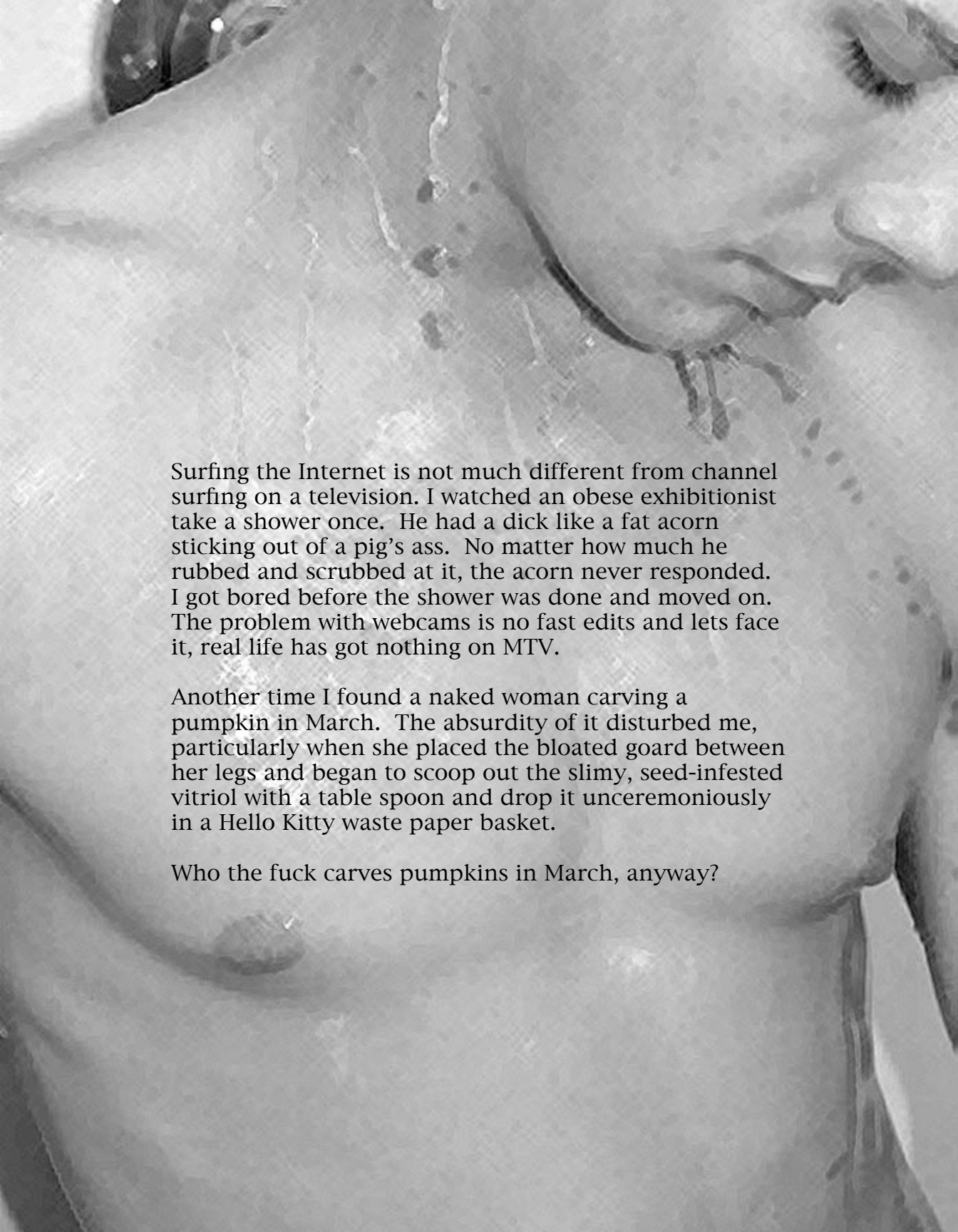
“You know, you really should take a vacation,” She mumbled around a mouthful of scone. “It does wonders for the chakras.”

Lolly sighed. “Some day.”

She smiled and somewhere in the Pacific a tectonic plate shifted, causing untold damage in several countries and completely submerging three densely populated Polynesian islands. “Just don’t wait too long,” She said. “You know how life can get away from you if you don’t seize the moment.”

To which Lolly could only nod in agreement.





Surfing the Internet is not much different from channel surfing on a television. I watched an obese exhibitionist take a shower once. He had a dick like a fat acorn sticking out of a pig's ass. No matter how much he rubbed and scrubbed at it, the acorn never responded. I got bored before the shower was done and moved on. The problem with webcams is no fast edits and lets face it, real life has got nothing on MTV.

Another time I found a naked woman carving a pumpkin in March. The absurdity of it disturbed me, particularly when she placed the bloated goard between her legs and began to scoop out the slimy, seed-infested vitriol with a table spoon and drop it unceremoniously in a Hello Kitty waste paper basket.

Who the fuck carves pumpkins in March, anyway?

CRUEL WORLD



MOTHER always said,
"Eat your FRUITS and vEGETABLES!"



Listen to your Mother. www.BlueFood.cc